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Some Poor Blind Folk Have Never Seen a Miracle

ERE is an important distinction that many people overlook.

God made the world; but He doesn't make your world.

He provides the raw materials, and out of them every man selects what he wants and builds an individual world for himself.

The fool looks over the wealth of material provided, and selects a few plates of ham and eggs, a few pairs of trousers, a few dollar bills—and is satisfied.

The wise man builds his world out of wonderful sunsets, and thrilling experiences, and the song of the stars, and romance and miracles.

Nothing wonderful ever happens in the life of the fool.

"A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose is to him," and it is nothing more; an electric light is simply an electric light; a telephone is only a telephone nothing unusual at all.

But the wise man never ceases to wonder how a tiny speck of seed, apparently dead and buried, can produce a beautiful yellow flower. He never lifts a telephone receiver or switches on an electric light without a certain feeling of awe.

And think what a miracle it is, this harnessing of electricity to the service of man!

Who, unless his sense of awe had grown blunt through constant familiarity, would believe it?

The sun, the center of our universe, goes down behind the western horizon. I touch a button, and presto! I have called it back again—the room is flooded again with light.

The thunder that men once called the voice of God rolls out its mighty waves of sound, and the sound carries only a few score miles. But I—puny speck upon the face of the earth—I lift a little instrument: and, behold, my whisper is heard a thousand miles away.

Prometheus stole fire from the gods and brought it down to earth. And for that crime the gods chained him to a lonely rock and sent a huge bird to tear out his vitals. Each night the wound healed, and each day it was torn open again.

That was the punishment of the man who dared to wrest away the richest treasure of the gods.

But fire the treasure of the gods—has almost disappeared out of our daily life: we scorn it.

Do we want heat? We press a button: and lo, heat, invisible, silent, all-pervasive, flows into our homes over a copper wire.

Do we need power? We have but to press another switch, and giants come to us over the same slender roadway. Clothed in invincible garments, they cleanse our homes, wash our clothes, crank our automobilesdo everything that once taxed the strength of men and hurried women into old age.

Don't let your life become a prosaic affair: don't let familiarity with the marvels about you breed thoughtlessness and contempt.

Let the fool build his world out of mere food and drink and clothes: you fashion yours out of marvelous experiences: furnish and decorate it with miracles.

Exercise your mind in the wholesome activity of wonder: train your soul to reverent awe.

If you had stood with Moses at the shore of the Red Sea, and had seen it divide to let the children of Israel pass over, you would have had no difficulty in recognizing that as a miracle.

But every night when the sun goes down, a man stands in a power-house in your city and throws a switch, and instantly the city and the country for miles around are flooded with sunshine.

And you say to yourself casually: "Oh, I see the lights are on."

Bruce Barton, Editor.